

struggle for political rights to intensify the resistance to the bloody tyranny over the conscience. The southern provinces might indeed be stupefied by Alva's Council of Blood, but the tax of the tenth penny drove even the Walloon provinces into line with Holland and Zealand, and lent its quota of strength to the revolutionary movement. Happily, too, Alva found his match, if not in arms, at least in resource, in the man whom Providence had destined to be the founder of a new State, as well as the vindicator of human rights. In William of Orange the Netherlander possessed a leader who never knew what it was to be beaten, and whose endurance and resource ultimately turned the tide of disaster into the tide of success. He had not been idle in his retirement at Dillenburg. He was busy not only in penning a justification of his past conduct against the charges of Alva, but in negotiating and organising. As the result of his activity, three forces raised by him, his brother Louis, Hoogstraten and others, boldly entered the provinces in the spring of 1568. The Huguenot attack on Artois failed disastrously ; equally so that on Roermonde in the Maastricht district; but at Heiliger Lee, in Friesland, Count Louis inflicted a severe defeat on Aremberg. The victory was not a knockdown blow to tyranny, and it was speedily avenged by Alva himself at Jemmingen, where Louis' army was cut in pieces. But it proved the mettle of the Netherlanders when capably led, and it was the first of the fierce conflicts of eighty years in which that mettle was to maintain itself against tremendous odds, and finally overthrow the tyrant.

It is no part of our purpose to describe campaigns and battles, of which there were many in store before a free nation rose on the overthrow of Spanish tyranny. For years Orange and his confederates maintained what seemed a losing fight for liberty. The first of the expeditions personally led by him across the Rhine in the autumn of this year was a miserable failure, and ended in retreat to Strassburg. For the next two years he lived the life of an adventurer, serving for a time under Conde" and Coligny in France, and then disappearing, few knew where. Even Dillenburg was no longer a safe retreat, and nothing seemed more impossible at this stage than that the furtive fugitive could live to found a new